

The writings of Godwin are well known in this country : his novels of Caleb Williams and St. Leon are distinguished by a spirit of eloquence, invention and pathos, which must ever entitle them to an elevated rank amidst the works of imagination. His Essays of the Enquirer are uncommonly useful, as disquisitions on the topics of common life ; and his Political Justice, in spite of its visionary theories, and dangerous doctrines, is perhaps the boldest, and the most original work on political subjects which ever appeared from the press. It contains valuable truths : and perhaps there is no work extant, which exhibits a more glowing defence of Liberty, or a more nervous attack upon all privileged systems. It is much to be desired, that these parts of his work, could be separated from his political and moral theories, and published by themselves.

Such is the man who has composed the following noble and sublime eulogy on Charles Fox ; the most eloquent and correct which we have yet seen issued from the press.—*Enquirer*.

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*From the Dublin Evening Post.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

You will, if you think proper, insert the enclosed in your paper,

and subscribe it with my name. It is an unexaggerated statement of what I think of the character of our late deceased minister, taken in a single point of view. In writing it I have dismissed from my mind all temporary feelings of regret, and expressed myself with the severity and plainness of a distant posterity. I have nothing to do with administration, and have scarcely a slight acquaintance with a few of its members, my character such as it is, and my disposition, are subjects of notoriety ; and every one capable of judging righteous judgment, has a tolerably sound idea respecting them, perhaps then, even my testimony, individual and uninfluenced as it necessarily is, may not be an unacceptable tribute to the memory of the great man we deplore.

I am Sir,

Your obed't servant,  
W. GODWIN.

London, Oct. 21, 1806.

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*Character of Mr. FOX.*

Charles J. Fox was for 32 years a principal leader in the debates and discussions of the English house of commons. The eminent transactions of his life lay within those walls ; and so many of his countrymen as were accustomed to hear his speeches there, or have habitually read the abstracts which have been published of them, are in possession of the principal materials by which this extraordinary man is to be judged.

Fox is the most illustrious model of a parliamentary leader on the side of Liberty that this country has produced. This character is the appropriate glory of England, and Fox is the proper example of this character.

England has been called with great felicity of conception, "The land of liberty and good sense." We have preserved many of the advantages of a free people, which the nations of the continent have long since lost. Some of them have made wild and intemperate sallies, for the recovery of all those things which are valuable to maintain society, but their efforts have not been attended with the happiest success.—There is a sobriety in the English people, particularly in accord with the possession of freedom. We are somewhat slow and somewhat silent; but beneath this outside we have much reflection, much of firmness, a consciousness of power and worth, a spirit of frank dealing, and plain speaking, and a moderate and decent sturdiness of temper not easily to be deluded or subdued.

For thirty-two years Fox hardly ever opened his mouth in parliament, but to assert in some form or other the cause of liberty and mankind, and to repel tyranny in its various shapes, and to protest against the encroachments of power. In the American War, in the question of reform at home, which grew out of the American War, and in the successive scenes which were produced by the French revolution, Fox was still found the perpetual advocate of freedom. He endeavoured to secure the privileges and the happiness of the people of Asia, and the people of Africa. In church and state his

principles were equally favourable to the cause of liberty. Englishmen can no where find the sentiments of freedom unfolded and amplified in more animated language, or in a more consistent tenor, than in the recorded parliamentary debates of Fox. Many have called in question his prudence, and the practicability of his politics in some of their branches—none have succeeded in fixing a stain upon the truly English temper of his heart.

The reason why Fox so much excelled in this reign Wm. Pulteney, and other eminent leaders of opposition in the reign of George II. was that his heart beat in accord to the sentiments of liberty. The character of the English nation has improved since the year 1760. The two first kings of the house of Hanover, did not aspire to the praise of encouragers of English literature, and had no passion for the fine arts; and their minister, Sir Robert Walpole, loved nothing, nor pretended to understand any thing but finance, commerce and peace. His opponents caught their tone from his, & their debates rather resembled those of the directors of a great trading company, than of men who were concerned with the passions, the morals, the ardent sentiments and the religion of a generous and enlightened nation. The English seemed fast degenerating into such a people as the Dutch; but Burke and Fox, and other eminent characters not necessary to be mentioned here, redeemed us from the eminent depravity, and lent their efforts to make us the worthy inhabitants of a soil, which had produced a Shakespeare, a Bacon, and a Milton.



Fox in addition to the generous feelings of his heart, possessed in the supreme degree the powers of an acute logician. He seized with astonishing rapidity, the defects of his antagonists arguments, and held them up in the most striking point of ridicule. He never had misrepresented what his opponent had said, or attacked his accidental oversights, but fairly met & routed him when he thought himself strongest. Though he had at no time studied law as a profession, he never entered the lists in reasoning with a lawyer, that he did not shew himself superior to the gown-ed pleader at his own weapons. It was this singular junction of the best feelings of the human heart, with the acutest powers of human understanding, that made Mr. Fox the wonderful creature he was.

Let us compare Wm. Pitt in office, and C. J. Fox out of it, and endeavor to decide upon their respective claims to the gratitude of posterity. Pitt was surrounded with all that can dazzle the eye of a spectator: he possessed the plenitude of power; during a part of his reign, he was as nearly despotic as a minister of a mixed government can be, he dispensed the gifts of the crown; he commanded the purse of the nation—he wielded the political strength of England. Fox during almost all his life had no part of these advantages.

It has been said that Pitt preserved his country from the anarchy and confusion which from a neighbouring nation threatened to infect us. This is a very doubtful position. It is by no means clear that the English people could ever have engaged in so wild, indiscriminate, ferocious, and sanguina-

ry a train of conduct as was exhibited by the people of France. It is by no means clear that the end which Pitt is said to have gained, could not have been accomplished without such bloody wars, such formidable innovations on the liberty of Englishmen—such duplicity, unhallowed dexterity and treachery, and so audacious a desertion of all the principles with which the minister commenced his political life, as Pitt employed. Meanwhile it was the simple, ingenuous, and manly office of Fox, to protest against the madness and the despotical proceedings of his rival in administration: and if he could not successfully counteract the measures of Pitt, the honor at least is due to him, to have brought out the English character not fundamentally impaired, in the issue of the most arduous trial it was ever called to sustain.

The eloquence of these two renowned Statesmen well correspond with the different parts they assumed in public life. The eloquence of Pitt was cold and artificial.—The complicated, yet harmonious structure of his periods, bespoke the man of contrivance and study. No man knew so well as Pitt how to answer the questions of his adversary without communicating the smallest information. He was never taken off his guard. If Pitt ever appeared in some eyes to grow warm as he proceeded, it was with a measured warmth—there was no starts and sallies, and sudden emanations of the soul; he seemed to be as much under the minutest regulation in the most vehement swellings and apostrophes of his speech, as in the coldest calculations.

Mr. Fox, as an Orator, appeared

to come immediately from the forming hand of nature. He spoke well because he felt strongly and earnestly. His oratory was clear & impetuous as the current of the river Rhone; nothing could arrest its course. His voice would insensibly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Every thing shewed how little artifice there was in his eloquence. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart, and shot through the blood of his hearer. I have seen his countenance lighten up with more than mortal ardor and goodness: I have been present when his voice has become suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a torrent of tears.

The love of freedom which marks the public proceedings of Fox, is exactly analagous to the natural temper of his mind; he seemed born for the cause which his talents were employed to support. He was the most unassuming of mankind. He was so far from dictating to others, that it was often imputed to him, though perhaps erroneously, that he suffered others to dictate to him. No man ever existed more simple in his manners, more single-hearted, or less artificial in his carriage. The set phrases of what is called polished life, made no part of his ordinary speech; he courted no man; he practised adulation to none.—Nothing was in more diametrical opposition to the affected, than the whole of his behaviour. His feelings in themselves, and in the expression of them, were in the most honorable sense of the word childlike. Various anecdotes might be related of his innocent and de-

fenceless manners in private and familiar life, which would form the most striking contrast with the vulgar notion of the studied and designing demeanor of a statesman. This was the man that was formed to defend the liberties of Englishmen: his public and private life are beautiful parts of a consistent whole, and reflect mutual lustre on each other.

To conclude, Fox was the great ornament of the kingdom of England during the latter part of the eighteenth century. What he did is the due result of the illumination of the present age, and of the character of our ancestors for ages past. Pitt (if I may be excused for mentioning him once again) was merely a Statesman, he was formed to seize occasions, to possess himself of power, and to act with consummate craft upon every occurrence that arose. He belonged to ancient Carthage; he belonged to modern Italy; but there is nothing in him that expressly belongs to England. Fox on the contrary—mark how he outshines his rival; how little acquisition of power adds to the intrinsic character of the man! is all over English. He is the mirror of the national character of the age in which he lived; its best, its purest, its most honorable representative. No creature that has the genuine feelings of an Englishman can recollect without emotions of exultation, the temper, the endowments, and the public conduct of Fox.

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*Anecdotal notices of Dr. Franklin.*

This man, who for many years carried on the business of a printer at Philadelphia, may be considered as the first fruits of American genius: and perhaps no man ever



owed more to the time and place of his birth : had he been a native of London instead of Boston, and born in the same rank of society,\* the world would probably never have heard his name either as a philosopher or politician. Pent within a populous city, his occupation would have been more laborious, and his incentives to cultivate speculative science, would have been suppressed by every consideration of interest or ambition. He might have distinguished himself as an ingenious artist, but he would neither have formed and Hypothesis to account for the phenomenon of the *Aurora Borealis*, nor have traced out the principles and operations of the electrical fluid ; and what is much more important, he would never have become a powerful engine to shake a great empire, and erect a congeries of republics from its dismembered parts ; nor would he have had the appropriated distinction of being the principal agent to introduce a new æra into the history of mankind, which may prove as important as any which have yet elapsed, by procuring a legislative power to the western hemisphere. In this view he may be considered as a greater enemy to England than even Philip II. or Louis XIV.

His love of science marked his early years ;† and, as if no event of his life was destined to be unimportant, even an intrigue which caused him to quit Boston and set-

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\* *His father was a tallow-chandler.*

† *There are some letters now extant which he wrote to Sir Hans Sloane, in the year 1726, when he was only 21 years of age.*

tle in Philadelphia, brought him into a wider sphere of action, and placed him in a more respectable situation : he had, however passed the meridian of life, before he rendered himself conspicuous as a politician. As his influence became extensive, it was exerted to inculcate among the people the virtues of frugality, temperance and industry : and all his labours were directed to advance the essential interests of humanity. He possessed the plainness of manners, and precision of thought, which characterized John De Witt, but he ever escaped falling under any popular odium, either by being master of superior address, or acting under more fortuitous contingences than that devoted patriot.

Trammelled in no system, he may be said to be a philosopher without the rules, a politician without adopting the Roman pandects, and a statesman without having sacrificed to the graces : possessing a diversity of genius without a versatility of temper.

Such was the man, thoughtful, deliberate collected, and circumspective ; who, when more than seventy years of age, appeared at the court of France, first as an agent, and afterwards as a plenipotentiary from the New American states. All ranks vied with each other in paying their court to this hoary headed sage. Among the subjects of an absolute monarch, it became fashionable to admire the spirit of freedom, and the new member of the corps diplomatique was complimented in a hyperbole of panegyric.‡ Public ad-

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‡ *The motto affixed to his bust at Paris, is, Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.*

miration however, is no proof of merit; the frivolous frequently obtain it when it is denied to the wise. His negotiations with the Court of France required uncommon abilities, and that he has succeeded in the arduous work, proves that during his long life, he had practically studied the philosophy of man.

[*Hibernian Mag.*]

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 " *Letters to a young Lady on a course of English Poetry*, by J. AIKEN.

#### LETTER VII.

*Extracts continued from page 148.*

*My dear Mary,*

On the other hand his illustrations and amplifications are often given with all that splendour of diction, and richness of imagery, which distinguish those works in which he shows himself the most of a poet.

From the *Essay on Man*, you will naturally proceed to the author's "Four Moral Essays" on the respective subjects of the Characters of Men; the Characters of Women; and the Use of Riches; the latter occupying two epistles. In these you will find much acute observation of mankind, much vivacity of remark and force of description, but not always justness and accuracy of thinking. You will also occasionally be disgusted with a certain flippancy of expression, and still more with a taint of grossness of language, which, if not a personal rather than a national defect, would afford an unfavorable distinction between our literature in Anne's and George's reigns, and that of France in the

age of Louis the Fourteenth. Boileau whom Pope imitated, and who was not less severe in censure than he, is beyond comparison more delicate in his language. There is a kind of coarseness, consisting in the use of common words, which conduces so much to the strength and vigour of style, that one would not wish to see it sacrificed to fastidious nicety, but Pope frequently goes beyond this, and betrays rather a contamination of ideas than a carelessness of phraseology. This remark, however, applies more to some subsequent productions than to those at present before us.

Of the particular Epistles, you will probably read with most interest that "On the Characters of Women." It is, I believe, generally reckoned more brilliant than correct; more satirical than just. Whilst it assigns to your sex only two ruling passions, "the love of pleasure and the love of sway," it chiefly dwells, in the description of individual characters, upon that mutability and inconstancy of temper which has been usually charged upon the female mind. By thus representing the ends as unworthy, and the means as inconsistent, it conveys the severest possible sarcasm against the sex in general. Woman, it seems, is even "at best a contradiction;" and his concluding portrait of the most estimable female character he can conceive, is but an assemblage of contrary qualities "shaken altogether." Yet this outrageous satire is almost redeemed by the charming picture he has drawn, (one would hope from the life,) of that perfection of *good temper* in a woman, which is certainly the



prime quality for enjoying and imparting happiness :

Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;  
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ?  
She, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never 'shows she rules ;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

I confess, this delightful portrait is marred by the concluding stroke, " Mistress of herself tho' china fall," which you may justly despise, as one of those flippant sneers which degrade this poet.

The epistles on the use and abuse of riches are very entertaining. They abound with maxims of good-sense and taste, illustrated by lively and poetical descriptions. A writer so prone to satire in his moral works, might be expected to become a bitter satarist when professedly adopting that character. And, in fact, Pope had too much irritability of temper to be sparing in retaliation for a personal attack, and too honest an indignation against vice to treat it with lenity. Though he often affects an air of sportive humour in his strictures, yet he is habitually keen and caustic ; and sometimes, especially when vindicating himself, he exchanges pleasantry for serious warmth. He has conveyed a considerable portion of his satire under the form of imitations of Horace. Like his friend Swift, he

has not shackled himself with a close parallel in imitating that writer, but has followed his general train of ideas, improving his hints, and making excursions of his own as the occasion prompted. You must be content, as in the former case, to lose the humour of allusion in those pieces, and read them like original productions.

The first of these imitations will show you how much in earnest he applied the censorial rod ; and certainly the profession of a satirist was never represented with so much dignity as in the lines thus introduced :

What ! arm'd for virtue when I  
point the pen,  
Brand the bold front of shameless  
guilty men ;  
Dash the proud gamester in his  
gilded car ;  
Bare the mean heart that lurks  
beneath a star, &c.

This passage, Dr. Warburton justly observes, is not only superior to any thing in Horace, but equal to any thing Pope himself has written. After such a lofty assumption, however, he should not have condescended to make his satire the weapon of party rancour or private resentment. There are very different degrees of merit in his imitations of Horace's satires and epistles, and they have so many references to persons and incidents of the time, that they cannot be understood without the aid of notes.

The versifying of Donne's satires was one of his least happy attempts. If you read them (which is scarcely worth your while) you will pity a genius held down by the awkward fetters which he has voluntarily assumed.

The epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

entitled "Prologue to the Satires," and the two dialogues styled "Epilogue," are performances of great spirit, in which his personal feelings have given a keen edge to his sarcasm. In the first, his character of Addison under the name of Atticus has been universally admired for its polished severity: how far it was morally justified by the provocation he had received, I shall not here inquire. *Bishop Atterbury*, it seems was so well satisfied with it, that he expressed to the author his hope that he would not suffer such a talent to remain unemployed. Indeed, were the pen of satire that "sacred weapon left for truth's defence," which he boasts it to have been in his hands, to wield it with skill would be as noble an employment of philanthropy as of genius. But Pope, though radically a lover of virtue, had too great an alloy of human infirmity in his character, to act the part of a censor with uniform dignity and propriety. His personal and party prejudices, and his peevish irritability, continually warped him in the choice of objects for his attacks. Of this failing he has given a melancholy proof in the poem which next claims attention, the "*Dunciad*."

That so great a poet as Pope, in the full maturity of his powers, should consecrate its best efforts to immortalizing in ridicule a set of enemies whom he affected utterly to despise, and most of whom without his notice, would soon have been consigned to oblivion, is a lamentable instance of the misapplication of genius, through want of that solid dignity of mind which philosophy alone can bestow. Although in this perfor-

mance there is great beauty of versification, and much poetical description, I cannot recommend it to your perusal. Not only the scope of it is sufficient to inspire disgust, but there is so much grossness of imagery blended with its plan, that it is unfit for a female eye. How strange is it, that a writer so polished in his style, and who possessed the unusual advantage of familiar intercourse with the best company (as we are willing to suppose it to be,) should have fallen into a vitiation of taste which could be expected only in the lowest class of authors! The apologists of Pope lay the fault to his intimacy with Swift; and possibly the admirers of Swift would accuse Pope: it cannot be doubted, however, that in this particular, as well as in their arrogant contempt of cotemporary writers, they spoiled each other. The two latter books of the *Dunciad* are tolerably free from this contamination; but from their subject they are intelligible only to readers well versed in the literature of that period.

The smaller and miscellaneous poems of this writer I shall commit without remark to your judgment and discretion. There is one production, however, which is such a master-piece in its kind, that I would point it out to your particular attention. This is his "Prologue to *Cato*." Prologues to plays are singular compositions, of which the proper character is scarcely to be determined by the practice of writers. Those of Dryden, which were famous in their day, are generally attempts at licentious wit or petulant satire. His example was imitated; and scarcely any thing grave or digni-

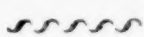


fied had been offered to the public in this form, till Pope, inspired by the noble subject of Addison's tragedy, composed this piece, which not only stands at the head of all prologues, but is scarcely surpassed in vigour of expression and elevation of sentiment by any passage in his own works.

I now close my long letter ; and remain,

Yours, &c.

(*To be Continued.*)



DESCRIPTION of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius (supposed to be the first,) and of the death of *Pliny* the elder, communicated in a letter from *Pliny* the younger to *Tacitus*.

(*Continued from page 151.*)

The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum ; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off:

Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.\*

My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe. After which I went to supper and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprized us as they are extremely frequent in Campania ; but they were so particularly violent that

night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction.

My mother flew to my chamber where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture, courage or rashness ; but I took up *Livy*, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time he reproved me for my careless security : nevertheless I still went on with my author. Tho' it was now morning the light was exceedingly faint and languid ; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger : we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and, (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forward though upon the

\* *Virg. Pil's Translation.*

most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, & to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth, it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, & several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightening, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with greater warmth and earnestness: "if your brother and your uncle," said he, "is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too, but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might survive him: why therefore do you delay your escape a moment? We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitance. Soon afterwards, the clouds seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean; as indeed, it entirely hid the island of \*Caprea, and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which as I was young I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however she would willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and

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\* An island near Naples, now called Capri.

taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest she should be pressed to death in the dark, by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying, some lifting their hands to the Gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy both the \*Gods and the world together. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in

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\* The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers held, that the world was to be destroyed by fire, and all things fall again into original chaos; not excepting even the national Gods themselves from the destruction of this general conflagration.



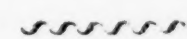
flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames, (as in truth it was) than the return of day: however the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered over with white \*ashes, as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though indeed with a much larger share of the latter: for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people ran up and down heightening their own

\* *Mr. Addison in his account of Mount Vesuvio observes, that the air of the place is so very much impregnated with Saltpetre, that one can scarcely find a stone which has not the least white with it. Travels, 182.*

and their friends calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place, till we should receive some account from my uncle.—

And now, you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is by no means worthy; and indeed you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear scarce to deserve even the trouble of a letter.

Farewell.



#### RUSSIA.

[Russia has for many ages attracted the attention of the geographer, the politician, and the political economist; and never was this mighty empire more deserving of our contemplation than at the present period. The following description of the Russian character will be perused with a double interest: because it is the most recent, and because the describer is Dr. Aikin, England's second Addison.]

*Port Folio.*

The people who inhabit the wild regions of Russia are for the most part of Slavonic blood, and of Asiatic origin; their progenitors were known by the name of Sarmatians. Long disunited among themselves, and in a state of barbarism, they were reduced in the thirteenth century to vassalage under the Tartars. From this condition they were rescued, in the fifteenth century, by their Czar, Joar Basilowitz, who with his grandson, of the same name (men

of vigour and talents, though rude and ferocious) extended the Russian dominion, and made the nation known throughout Europe. Succeeding sovereigns, among whom Peter I. and Catharine II. were pre-eminent, not only enlarged their territories, but promoted civilization and improvement of every kind; and at length raised the Russian empire to the dignity of a first rate European power.

The Russian national character appears to be marked with sedateness and tranquility, mixed with liveliness and sociability. They are hospitable and good tempered among one another, capable of strong attachments, sagacious and patient of hardships. The servitude in which the lower classes live, and the despotic rule exercised over the highest, have made them supple, cunning and crouching. Manly elevation of soul with steady principle are rarely met with among them. The ancient nobility have vast estates, which they reckon by the number of vassals with which they are stocked; and they live in a kind of rude magnificence, shunning the court and public employments.

The Russian peasantry are remarkable for their readiness in acquiring the common arts of life, several of which they exercise for domestic purposes. In the higher departments of intellect, nothing masterly or original has yet appeared among them, which may perhaps be owing to their recent civilization. Their implicit obedience, joined with natural robustness of constitution and habit of endurance, renders them excellent soldiers in the modern practice of war, where mechanical discipline is more requisite than enthusias-

tic ardor. They shrink at no danger of fatigue, and are only to be conquered by extermination.



Some gentlemen talking before Mr. Tooke on the inattention of writers to punctuation, it was observed that the lawyers used no stops in their writings. "I should think nothing," said Mr. Tooke, "of their using no commas, semicolons, or colons, but the worst is, that they put no *periods* to their works."

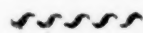


*The age difficult to please.*

How shall we please this age? if in  
a song  
We put above six lines they count  
it long;  
If we contract it to an Epigram,  
As deep the dwarfish poetry they  
damn;  
If we write plays, few see above  
an act,  
And those men milleners and wits  
detract.  
Let us write satires then, and, at  
our ease,  
Vex the ill-natured fools we cannot  
please.



Dr. Pitcairn, having been out shooting one whole morning without killing any thing, was returning home, when his servant begged leave to go into a field, where he was almost certain of finding some birds; "and," added the man, "if there are, I'll doctor them." "Doctor them!" said the son of Galen; "what do you mean by that?" "Why *kill them*, Sir."







## ORIGINAL POETRY.

—  
For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

—  
*A Letter from a Clergyman to a  
young lady.*

MISS B—

In my younger days, I well remember I was gifted by nature with hair of a colour similar to your's, and though time has not thinned, it has considerably changed its hue. A Wag, in those days, willing to have a little sport at my expence, exclaimed that my head was all in a blaze. I was thrown into a momentary consternation, but at last found that he alluded to the radiancy of my locks. I was glad it was no worse, and gave him due credit for the brilliancy of his wit. None, I dare venture to say, will treat you in this unfeeling manner; but perhaps, among your own sex some may be found, who, not being able to discern any personal or mental defect, will malignantly point to your hair. Should this ever happen, you may console yourself with the following anecdote, concerning the celebrated Christopher Smart, and with reading some beautiful verses written by him on the occasion. He, who was a very affectionate lover, as well as an ingenious poet, was enamoured in his youth of a young lady, who, though tender and beautiful, was, in the opinion of

many of her charitable and rival sisters a mere dowdy, because she had red hair. Indignant at the abuse lavished upon his fair one, the Poet undertook the apparently difficult task of praising hair of that colour. He accordingly wrote a Song, entitled, "The Lass with the Golden Locks," which immortalized his mistress. The praise is finely and classically unfolded. The simile, in the initial lines of the second Stanza, is one of the most beautiful in poetry, and in the closing Stanza, the office of the charmers eyes is most happily described.

1.

No more of my Harriet, of Polly  
no more,  
Nor all the bright beauties that  
charm'd me before.  
My heart for a slave to gay Venus  
I've sold,  
And barter'd my freedom for  
ringlets of gold.  
I'll throw down my pipe, and neglect  
all my flocks,  
And will sing to the lass with the  
golden locks.

2.

Tho' o'er her white forehead the  
gilt tresses flow,  
Like the rays of the sun on a hil-  
lock of snow,  
Such painters of old drew the  
queen of the fair,  
'Tis the taste of the ancients, 'tis  
classical hair;  
And tho' witlings may scoff, and  
tho' raillery mocks,  
Yet I'll sing to the lass with the  
golden locks.

3.

To live and to love, to converse  
and be free,  
Is loving my charmer, and living  
with thee.  
Away go the hours in kisses and  
rhyme,

Spite of all the grave lectures of  
old Father Time.

A fig for his dials, his watches and  
clocks,

He's best spent with the lass of the  
golden locks.

4.

Than the Swan in the brook she's  
more dear to my sight,

Her mein is more stately, her breast  
is more white,

Her sweet lips are rubies all rubies  
above ;

They are fit for the language or  
labour of Love

At the Park, in the street, at the  
play, in the Box,

My lass bears the bell, with her  
golden locks.

5.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll, or  
they flow,

Shall be glad for my joy, or shall  
weep for my woe :

She shall ease my fond heart, and  
shall soothe my soft pain,

While thousands of rivals are  
sighing in vain.

Let them rail at the fruit they can't  
reach, like the fox

While I have the lass with the gol-  
den locks.

~~~~~

*For the AMERICAN GLEANER.*

—

*Answer to the foregoing.*

To you reverend, Sir, I return  
from my heart,

My best thanks for your verses  
from Christopher Smart ;

I rejoice, Sir, to find, among sa-  
ges of old,

Red hair was depicted by ring-  
lets of gold.

So henceforth, if the wittings  
should scoff at its looks,

I'll refute, all their malice from  
classical books.

2.

You tell me in prose, yet in poetic  
phrase,

Your own head was once said to be  
in a blaze,

But changing of late, and no doubt  
for the worse,

You've put grey on your head, and  
the gold in your purse.

Your example however, this lesson  
will teach,

To be red in one's youth is the  
way to be rich.

3.

But my father insists that the taste  
of the fair

Is at present in favour of classical  
hair ;

For that those, to whom nature  
has been less indulgent,

Get red wigs from the Barber to  
make them refulgent.

It is my fairer lot then, as long as  
youth blooms,

To be quite in the fashion without  
borrowed plumes.

~~~~~

*For the AMERICAN GLEANER.*

—

*Verses on the death of a little girl,  
written by her afflicted Uncle.*

Ah ! lovely flower ! too soon to  
fade !

Too soon did cruel death invade,  
And wither all thy bloom !

Sweet darling of thy uncle's heart,  
Which almost breaks with thee to  
part,

I mourn thy early doom.

And shall I see no more that face  
Which shone with ev'ry youthful  
grace,

And so divinely smil'd,

Upon those eyes no longer gaze,  
Which oft with mild, tho' sparkling  
rays,

My bosom's cares beguil'd ?



Alas ! if so severe my grief,  
Thy mother who can give relief ?

What art can soothe her woe,  
Who lost in thee her dear delight,  
The charmer of her raptured sight,  
Her comfort here below ?

Thy beauty now forever gone ;  
No more (save, when, by fancy  
drawn,

In pleasing visions seen,  
Thy spirit comes her dreams to  
bless,)

Shall she thy lovely form caress,  
And call thee beauty's queen.

No more her tender watch she  
keeps,  
And views with rapture, while she  
sleeps,

Her daughter Heav'nly fair ;  
Or, while her eyes o'erflow with  
bliss,

Upon those rosy lips a kiss  
Imprints with gentle care.

But now her dear Elizabeth  
Is sleeping in the arms of death,  
And never shall awake.

The morning comes she does not  
rise,

She opens not her smiling eyes,  
Her parents' joy to make.

She comes not, as she wont, to  
greet  
Each friend with accents heav'nly  
sweet !

My heart is fill'd with sorrow ;  
I shall not hear again her tread,  
When softly she approach'd my  
bed,  
And blest me with good mor-  
row.

I shall not clasp her to my breast,  
And kiss her, 'till, too much op-  
press'd,  
She mildly would complain,

And say my kissess stop'd her  
breath !

Ah ! my divine Elizabeth,  
I ne'er shall kiss again.

Her father rises sad ; the dew  
With mournful steps he treads, to  
view

Her grave with pensive eye ;  
His plaything, once so good and  
gay,

Lies silent in her house of clay,  
Nor hears her father sigh !

That heart, benevolent and kind,  
Which goodness warm'd tho'  
scarce her mind

Could yet its charms unfold,  
Whose tender pity felt for all,  
Whether they walk or fly or crawl,  
Is motionless and cold.

But let us not lament, like those  
On whom no comfort hope be-  
stows :

E'en now her star appears ;  
It glimmers thro' the night of woe,  
Which covers all we see below,  
And shines amidst our tears.

Guided by this, we should deplore  
Our darling's early fate no more,

Who now, forever blest,  
Reliev'd from pangs of torturing  
pain,

Will never sickness feel again,  
Nor be with grief oppress !

To us she never caus'd regret,  
Nor brother made, nor sister fret,  
E'en when she heedless play'd ;  
But sweetly temper'd kindness  
shone

In every act, and all were known  
To bless the lovely maid.

E'en to the servants was she dear ;  
Not one but drops a tender tear  
To grace her obsequies ;

They hop'd to see those virtues  
bloom,  
Which now, transplanted from the  
tomb.  
Shall flourish in the skies.

Her gentle spirit far away,  
Has flown to realms of endless  
day,  
Beyond the starry plains ;  
There shall her smiles of heav'nly  
Love,  
Delight the happy host above,  
Where love immortal reigns.

Five fleeting years she was our joy,  
But time the fabric will destroy  
Of bliss beneath the sun ;  
Her soul so pure the Sire of all  
Chose uncorrupted home to call,  
And let his will be done.



L I N E S

*Addressed to a young lady of 13  
years of age.*

TO S——

While yet no am'rous youths a-  
round thee bow,  
Nor flattering verse conveys the  
faithless vow ;  
To graver notes will S——'s soul  
attend,  
And ere she hears the lover, hear  
the friend ?  
Let maids less bless'd employ  
their meaner arts  
To reign proud tyrants o'er un-  
number'd hearts ;  
May S—— learn (for nobler tri-  
umph's born)  
Those little conquests of her sex  
to scorn.  
To form thy bosom to each gen'rous  
deed ;  
To plant thy mind with every use-  
ful seed ;  
Be these thy arts ; nor spare the  
grateful toil,

Where nature's hand has bless'd  
the happy soil.  
So shalt thou know, with pleasing  
skill to blend  
The lovely mistress and instrnc-  
tive friend :  
So shalt thou know, when unre-  
lenting time  
Shall spoil those charms yet op'n-  
ing to their prime,  
To ease the loss of beauty's transi-  
ent flow'r,  
While reason keeps what rapture  
gave before.  
And oh ! whilst wit, fair dawning,  
spread its ray,  
Serenely rising to a glorious day,  
To hail the growing lustre oft be-  
mine,  
Thou early fav'rite of the sacred  
Nine !

And shall the Muse with blame-  
less boast pretend,  
In youth's gay bloom that S——  
called me friend :  
That urg'd by me she shunn'd the  
dang'rous way,  
Where heedless maids in endless  
error stray ;  
That scorning soon her sex's idler  
art,  
Fair praise inspir'd and virtue  
warm'd her heart ;  
Tho' fond to reach the distant  
path's of fame,  
I taught her infant genius where  
to aim ?  
Thus when the feathered choir first  
tempt the sky,  
And, all unskill'd their feeble pini-  
ons try,  
Th'experienc'd sire prescribes th'  
advent'rous height,  
Guides the young wing, and pleas'd  
attends the flight.

—  
Various religions various tenets  
hold,  
But all one God acknowledge—  
namely—gold.